Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and VVilliam of *Cloudeſle*.

Adam Bell. William. Clim of the Clough.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

MErry it was in the grëne Norrell,
among the leaues grëne,
Whereas men hunt Eaſt and Weſt
with bowes and arrowes këne:
To raiſe the Dëere out of their denne,
ſuch ſights haue oft bëne ſëene,
As by thrée yeomen of the North Country
by them it is I meane.
The one of them hight Adam Bell,
another, Clim of the Clough,
The third was William of Cloudeſle
an Archer good enough.
They were outlawed for veniſon
theſe yeomen euery chone,
They ſwore them brethren on a day
to Engliſh wood for to gone.
Now lithe and liſten Gentlemen
that of mirth loueth to heare,
Two of them were ſingle men,
the third had a wedded fere:
William was the wedded man,
much more then was his care,
He ſaid to his brethren vpon a day
to Carlell he would fare:
There to ſpeake with faire Alice his wife,
and with his children thrée,
By my troth ſaid Adam Bell
not by the counſell of me.
For if ye goe to Carlell brother
and from this wild wood wend,
If that the Juſtice doe you take
your life is at an end.
If that I come not to morrow brother
by prime to you againe,
Truſt you then that I am tane,
or elſe that I am ſlaine.
Hée toke his leaue of his brethren two,
and to Carlell he is gone.

There he knocked at his owne window
shortly and anon.
Where be you faire Alice he said
my wife and children three,
Lightly let in thine owne husband
William of Cloudesle.
Alas then said fayre Alice
and sighed wonderous sore,
This place hath bene beset for you
this halfe a yeere and more.
Now am I heere said Cloudesle
I would that in I were,
Now fetch vs meate and drinke enough,
and let vs make good cheere.
Shee fet him meate and drinke plenty
like a true and wedded wife
And pleased him with that she had
whom she loued as her life.
There lay an old wife in the place
a little before the fire,
Which William had found of charitie
more then seauen yeere:
Up she rose and forth she goes
euill mote she spede therefore,
For she had set no foote on ground
in seauen yeere before.
Shee went into the Justice hall
as fast as she could hie,
This night she said is come to towne
William of Cloudesle:
Thereof the Justice was full faine
and so was the Sheriefe also,
Thou shalt not trauell hether dame for naught,
thy meed thou shalt haue ere thou goe:
They gaue to her a right good gowne
of scarlet it was I heard saine,
She toke the gift and home she went
and couched her downe againe.

They raiſed the towne of merry Carlell,
in all the haſt they can,
And came thronging to Williams houſe
as faſt as they might gone,
There they beſet the good Yeoman
about on euery ſide.
William heard great noiſe of the folke
that thetherward faſt hied.
Alice opened a back windowe
and loked all about,
She was ware of the Juſtice and the Sheriſe both
with a full great rout:
Alas treaſon then cryed Alice,
euer woe may thou be,
Goe into my chamber my huſband ſhe ſaid
ſweet William of Cloudeſle.
He tooke his ſword and his buckler,
his bow and his childeren thrée,
And went into the ſtrongeſt chamber
where he thought ſureſt to be.
Faire Alice like a Louer true
with a Pollax in her hand,
Said he ſhall die that commeth in
this doore while I may ſtand.
Cloudeſle bent a right good bow
that was of a truſtie trée,
He ſmote the Juſtice on the breaſt
that his arrow burſt in thrée.
Gods curſe of his hart ſaid William
this day thy coate did on,
If it had béene no better then mine,
it had béen néere the bone,
Yéeld thée Cloudeſle ſaid the Juſtice,
and thy bow and arrowes thée fro,
Gods curſe on his hart ſaid faire Alice
that my huſband counſelleth ſo.
Set fire on the houſe ſaid the Sheriefe
ſith no better it will be,

And burne we therein William he saith,
his wife and children three.
They fired the house in many a place
the fire flew on hie:
Alas then cried faire Alice
I see we shall heere die.
William opened a backe window
that was on his chamber hie,
And there with sheetes he did let downe
his wife and children three:
Haue heere my treasure said William,
my wife and children three,
For Christes loue doe them no harme,
but wreke you all on me.
William shot so wonderous well
till his arrowes were all agoe,
And fire so fast about him fell
that his bow-string brent in two:
The sparkles brent and fell vppon
good William of Cloudesle:
But then was he a wofull man,
and said, this is a Cowards death to me.
Leuer had I said William
with my sword in the rout to runne
Then heere among my enemies wood
so cruelly to burne.
He toke his sword and his buckler then
and among them all he ranne,
Where the people thickest were,
he smote downe many a man.
There might no man abide his stroke,
so fiercely on them he ranne,
Then they threw windowes and doores on him,
and so toke that Yeoman.
There they him bound hand and fote,
and in a deepe dungeon him cast:
Now Cloudesle then said the Justice
thou shalt be hanged in hast.

One bow shal I make said the Sheriffe,
a paire of new gallowes shal I for thée make,
And all the gates of Carlel shall be shut,
there shall no man come in thereat:
There shal not help Clim of the Clough,
nor yet Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand moe,
nor all the deuils in hell.
Early in the morning the Justice arose
to the gates fast gan he gone,
And commaunded them to be shut close
lightly euery chone:
Then went he to the Market place
as fast as he could hie,
A payre of new gallowes there did he set vp
beside the Pillorie.
A little boy stode them among
and asked what meant that gallow tree?
They said to hang a good yeoman
called William of Cloudesle.
That little boy was towne Swine-heard
and kept faire Alice swine,
Full oft he had seene Cloudesle in the wood,
and giuen him there to dine.
He went out at a creuice of the wall,
and lightly to the wood he ran,
There met he with these wight young men
shortly and anon.
Alas then said that little boy,
yée tarry héere all too long,
Cloudesle is taken and damned to death
already for to hang.
Alas then said good Adam Bell
that euer we saw this day,
Ye might haue tarried héere with vs
so oft as we did him pray.
Yée might haue dwelled in gréene Forrest
vnder these shadowes shéene,

And kept both him and vs at reſt
out of all trouble and tęne.
Adam bent a right good bow
a great Hart ſone he had ſlaine,
Take that child he ſaid to thy dinner
and bring me mine arrow againe.
Now goe we hence ſaid theſe wighty yeomen,
tarry we no longer hęre,
We ſhall him borrow by Gods grace,
though we buy it full dęre.
To Carlell went theſe good yeomen
in a merry morning of May,
Hęre is a fit of Cloudeſle,
and another is for to ſay.

AND when they came to merry Carlell
in a faire morning tide,
They found the gates ſhut them vnto
round about on euery ſide.
Alas then ſaid good Adam Bell
that euer we were made men,
Theſe gates be ſhut ſo wonderous well
that we may not come therein.
Then ſpake Clim of the Clough,
with a wile we will vs in bring,
Let vs ſay we be meſſengers
ſtraight come from our King:
Adam ſaid I haue a letter, well
now let vs wiſely warke,
We will ſay we haue the Kings ſeale,
I hold the Porter no Clarke.
Then Adam Bell beats at the gate
with ſtrokes great and ſtrong,
The Porter heard ſuch noiſe thereat,
and to the gate he throng.
Who is there ſaid the Porter
that maketh all this knocking.
We be two meſſengers ſaid Clim of the Clough

be come right from our King.
We haue a Letter, said Adam Bell
To the Iustices we must it bring,
Let vs in our message to doo
that we were againe to the King.
Heere commeth none in said the Porter
by him that died on a tree
Till that a false thiefe be hanged
called William of Cloudelle.
Then spake the good yeoman Clim of the Clough,
and swore by Marie free,
If that we stand long without
like a thiefe hanged thou shalt be:
Loe heere we haue the Kings seale,
what lurden art thou wood?
The Porter wend it had been so,
and lightly did off his hood.
Welcome is my Lords seale he said,
for that ye shall come in:
He opened the gate full shortly,
an euill opening for him.
Now are we in said Adam Bell
whereof we are right faine,
But Christ knowes that harrowed hell
how we shall come out againe.
Had we the keyes, said Clim of the Clough,
right well then should we spede
Then might we come out well enough
when we see time and nede.
They called the Porter to counsell
and wrong his necke in two,
And cast him in a deepe dungeon,
and toke his keyes him fro.
Now am I Porter, said Adam Bell,
see brother the keyes haue we here,
The worst Porter in merry Carlell
that ye had this hundred yere.
Now we will our bowes bend,

into the towne will we goe,
For to deliuer our deere brother,
that lieth in care and woe.
Then they bent their good bowes,
and loked their strings were round,
The Market place in merry Carlel
they beset in that stound:
And as they loked them beside,
a paire of new gallowes there they see,
And the Justice with a quest of Squires,
that had iudged Cloudesle there hanged to be,
And Cloudesle himselfe lay ready in a Cart
fast bound both foote and hand,
And a strong rope about his necke
already for to hang.
The Justice called to him a Lad
Cloudesles clothes he should haue
To take the measure of that yeoman,
and thereafter to make his graue.
I haue seene as great meruaile said Cloudesle
as betweene this and prime,
He that maketh a graue for me,
himselfe may lie therein.
Thou speakest proudly said the Justice,
I will thee hang with my hand,
Full well heard this his brethren two
there still as they did stand.
Then Cloudesle cast his eye aside
and saw his two brethren
At a corner of the Market place
with their bowes in their hand
ready the Justice to chase.
I see comfort said Cloudesle,
yet hope I well to fare,
If I might haue my hands at will,
right little might I care.
Then spake good Adam Bell,
to Clim of the Clough so free,

Brother see you marke the Justice well,
loe yonder you may him see.
At the Sherieke shoote I will,
stronglie with an arrow keene,
A better shoote in merry Carlell
this seauen yeere was not seene.
They loosed theyr arrowes both at once,
of no man they had dread
The one hit the Justice, the other the Sherife
that both their sides can bleede.
All men voided that them stoode nie,
when the Justice fell to the ground,
And the Sherife nie him by,
either had his deaths wound.
All the Cittizens fast gan flee,
they durst no longer abide:
There lightly they loosed Clondesle
where he with ropes lay tide:
William start to an officer of the towne,
his Axe out of his hand he wrong,
On each side he smote them downe,
him thought he tarried all too long.
William said to his bretheren two
this day let vs liue and die,
If euer you haue neede as I haue now
the same shall you find by me.
They shot so well in that tide
for their strings were of like sure,
That they kept the streets on euery side,
that battaile long did indure.
They fought together like brethren true,
like hardy men and bold,
Many a man to the ground they threw
and made many a hart cold.
But when their arrowes were all gone,
men pressed to them full fast,
They drew their swords then anon,
and their bowes from them cast.

They went lightly on their way,
with swords and bucklers round,
By that it was mid of the day,
they made many a wound.
There was many an out-horne in Carlel blowne,
and the bells backwards did ring,
Many a woman said alas,
and many their hands did wring.
The Mayor of Carlel forth come was,
and with him a full great rout,
These yeoman dread him full sore
for of their lives they stood in great doubt.
The Maior came armed a full great pace,
with a Pollax in his hand,
Many a strong man with him was
there in that stoure to stand.
The Mayor smote at Cloudesle with his bill,
his buckler brast in two,
Full many a yeoman with great euill
alas treason they cried for woe.
Keepe we the gates fast they bad,
that these traytors thereout not goe,
But all for nought was that they wrought,
for so fast downe they were layd,
Till they all three that so manfully fought
were gotten out at a braid.
Haue heere your keyes said Adam Bell,
mine office heere I forsake,
If you doe by my counsell
a new Porter doe you make:
He threw their keyes at their head,
and bad them euill to thriue,
And all that letteth any good yeoman
to come and comfort his wife.
Thus be these good yeomen gone to the wood
as lightly as leafe on lind,
They laugh and be merry in their mood,
their enemies were far behind.

When

When they came to English wood
vnder the truſtie tree,
There they found bowes full good,
and arrowes full great plentie.
So God me helpe ſaid Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough ſo free,
I would we were in merry Carlel,
before that faire manie:
They ſate them downe and made good cheere,
and eate and drunke full well,
Heere is a fit of theſe wight yeomen,
another I will you tell.
As they ſate in Engliſh wood
vnder their truſtie tree,
Them thought they heard a woman weepe,
but her they might not ſee:
Sore then ſighed faire Alice,
and ſaid alas that euer I ſaw this day,
For now is my deere husband ſlaine,
alas and welaway.
Might I haue ſpoken with his deere brethren,
or with either of them twaine,
To ſhew to them what him befell
my hart were out of payne.
Cloudeſle walked a little aſide
and loked vnder the greene-wood lind,
He was ware of his wife and children three,
full woe in hart and mind.
Welcome wife then ſaid William
vnder this truſtie tree,
I had wend yeſterday by ſweet S. Iohn,
thou ſhouldeſt me neuer had ſee.
Now well is me ſhe ſaid that ye be heere,
my hart is out of woe,
Dame be ſaid be merry and glad,
and thanke my Brethren two.
Heereof to ſpeake ſaid Adam Bell
I wis it is no bote,

The meate that we muſt ſup withall
it runneth yet faſt on foote.
Then went they downe into the lawnd,
theſe Noble-men all three:
Each of them ſlew a Part of Greece,
the beſt they could here ſee.
Haue heere the beſt Alice my Wife,
ſaid William of Cloudeſle,
Becauſe ye ſo boldlie ſtood by me
when I was ſlaine full nie.
Then they went to ſupper
with ſuch meate as they had:
And thanked God for their fortune
they were both merrie and glad.
And when they had ſupped well
certaine without any leace,
Cloudeſle ſaid we will to our King
to get vs a Charter of peace.
Alice ſhall be at our ſoiourning
in a Nunry heere beſide:
My two ſonnes ſhall with her goe
and there they ſhall abide.
My eldeſt ſonne ſhall goe with me,
for him I haue no care,
And he ſhall bring you word againe
how that we doe fare.
Thus be theſe good yeomen to London gone,
as faſt as they might hie,
Till they came to the Kings Pallace
there they would nedes be.
And when they came to the Kings Court
vnto the Pallace gate,
Of no man would they aſke leaue,
but boldly went in thereat:
They preceaded preſently into the Hall,
of no man they had dread,
The Porter came after and did them call,
and with them began to chide.

The

The Vsher said, yeomen what would yée haue,
I pray you tell mee:
You might make Officers shent,
good sirs from whence be ye?
Sir, we be out-lawes of the Forrest,
certaine without any leace,
And hether we be come to the King
to get vs a Charter of peace.
And when they came before the King,
as it was the law of the Land,
They knéeled downe without letting
and each held vp his hand.
They said, Lord we beseech thée héere
that ye will grant vs grace,
For we haue slaine your fat fallow Déere
in many a sundry place.
What be your names then said our King
anon that you tell me,
They said, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesle.
Be ye those thieues said our King
that men haue told to me?
Héere to God I make a vow
yée shall be hanged all thrée.
Ye shall be dead without mercie,
as I am King of this Land,
He commaunded his Officers euery chone
fast on them to lay hand.
There they toke these good yeomen
and arrested them all three.
So may I thriue, said Adam Bell,
this game liketh not mee.
But good Lord we beseech you now
that ye will grant vs grace,
Inasmuch as we do to you come,
or else that we may from you passe
With such weapons as we haue heere,
till we be out of place.

And

And if we liue this hundreth yeere,
we will aske of you no grace.
Ye speake proudlie said the King,
yée shall be hanged all three.
That were great pitty said the Queene,
if any grace might be,
My Lord, when I came first into this Land
to be your wedded wife,
The first bone that I would aske,
you would grant me belliue.
And I aſked ye neuer none till now,
therefore good Lord grant it me.
Now aske it Madam, said the King
and granted shall it be.
Then good Lord I you beseech
these yeoman grant ye me.
Madam, ye might haue aſked aboue
that should haue béen worthy them all three.
Ye might haue aſked towers and townes,
Parks and Forrests plentie.
None so pleasant to my pay the said,
nor none so léefe to me.
Madam, sith it is your desire,
your aſking granted shall be,
But I had leuer haue giuen you
good Market townes three:
The Queene was a glad woman,
and said, Lord gramarcie,
I dare vndertake for them
that true men they shall be:
But good Lord speake some merry word
that they may comfort see.
I grant you grace then said our King
waſh fellowes and to meate goe yee.
They had not sitten but a while
certaine without leazing,
There came two Messengers out of the North
with Letters to our King.

And when they came before the King,
they knéeled downe vpon their knée,
And said your Officers gréet you well,
of Carlell in the North Country.
How fareth my Iustice (said the King)
and my Sherife also,
Sir they be slaine without leasing,
and many an Officer moe,
Who hath them slaine (said the King)
anone that you tell me,
Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesle.
Alas for ruth then said our King,
my hart is wonderous sore,
I had leuer then a thousand pound,
I had knowne this before,
For I haue granted them grace,
and that forethinketh me:
But had I knowne all this before,
they had bẽn hanged all thrée.
The King he opened the Letter anone,
himselfe he read it tho,
And there found how these outlawes had slaine
thrée hundred men and moe.
First the Iustice, and the Sherife,
and the Mayor of Carlell towne,
Of all the Constables and Catchpoles,
aliue were left not one.
The Bayliffes and the Bedels both,
and the Sargeants of the Law,
And forty Foresters of the fée,
these outlawes haue yslaw,
And broke his Parks, and slaine his Dére,
ouer all they chose the best:
Such perrilous outlawes as they were,
walked not by East nor West.
When the King this Letter had read,
in hart he sighed sore.

Rose vp the table he laid,
for I may eate no more:
The King then called his best Archers,
to the Butts with him to goe:
I will see these fellowes shoote he said
that in the North haue wrought this woe
The Kings bow-men bull'd them blithe,
and the Quéenes Archers also,
So did these wight yeomen,
with them they thought to goe.
There twice or thrice they shot about
for to allay they' hand,
There was no shoote these yeomen shot
that any pricke might stand.
Then spake William of Cloudesle,
by God that for me died,
I hold him neuer a good Archer
that shooteth at Buts so wide.
Whereat then said our King
I pray thee tell to me:
At such a But sir he said,
as men vse in my Country.
William went into the field,
and his two brethren with him,
There they set vp two Hassel-rods
twentie score paces betwéene.
I hold him an Archer said Cloudesle
that yonder wand cleaueth in two,
Héere is none such (said the King)
for no man can so do.
I shall assay sir, said Cloudesle,
or that I further goe:
Cloudesle with a bearing arrow
claue the wand in two.
Thou art the best archer then said our King
forsoth that euer I sée,
And yet for your loue said William,
I will doe more mastérie.

I haue a Sonne is seauen yéere old,
he is to me full déere,
I will tie him to a stake
all shall see that be héere,
And lay an Apple vpon his head,
and goe fiue score paces him fro,
And I my selfe with a broade arrow,
shall cleaue the apple in two.
Now hast thée then (said the King)
by him that died on a trée,
But if thou do not as thou hast said,
hanged shalt thou be.
And thou touch his head or gowne
in sight that men may sée,
By all the Saints that be in heauen,
I shall you hang all three.
That I haue promised said William,
I neuer will forsake,
And there euen before the King,
in the earth he droue a stake,
And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
and bad him stand still thereat,
And turned the childs face him fro
because he should not start.
An apple vpon his head he set
and then his bow he bent,
Fiue score paces they were met,
and thether Cloudesle went.
There he drew out a fayre broade arrow,
his bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
that was both stiffe and strong.
He prayed the people that were there
that they would still stand,
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
had need of a stedfast hand.
Much people prayed for Cloudesle,
that his life saued might be:

And when he made him ready to shote,
there was many a weeping eye,
Thus Cloudesle clave the apple in two
as many a man might see,
Now God forbid then said the King
that thou shouldst shoote at mee.
I giue thee xviii. pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou beare,
And ouer all the North-country
I make thee chiefe Rider.
And I giue thee xiii. pence a day said the Qu
by God and by my fay,
Come fetch thy paiment when thou wilt,
no man shall say thee nay.
William I make thee a Gentleman,
of clothing and of fee,
And thy two brethren yeomen of my chamber,
for they are louely to see.
Your sonne for he is tender of age
of my Wine-seller shall he be,
And when he commeth to mans estate,
better aduanced I will him see.
And William bring me your wife said the Queene
me longeth her for to see,
She shall be my chiefe Gentlewoman
to gouerne my Nurcerie.
The yeomen thanked them full curteously
and said to some Bishop will we wend,
Of all the sinnes that we haue done
to be assoiled at his hand.
So forth be gone these good yeomen,
so fast as they can hie,
And after came and liued with the King,
and died good yeomen all three.
Thus endeth the liues of these good yeomen,
God send them eternall blisse,
And all that with hand-bow shooteth,
that of heauen may neuer misse.

FINIS. 1. Partis.

The second part of Adam Bell.

LIst Northerne Laddes to blither things,
then yet were brought to light:
Performed by our countrie-men
in mickle a fray and fight,
Of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough
and William of Cloudisly:
Who were in fauour with the King,
for all their misery:
Yong William of the wine seller,
when yeoman he was made:
Gan follow then his fathers steps
he loued a bonny maide,
Gods cross. quoth William if I misse
and may not of her spéed:
Ile make a thousand Northen hearts,
for very wo to bléed:
Gone he is a wooing now,
our Ladie well him guide:
To merry Mansfield where I trow
a time he will abide:
Some dop the dore faire Cicelie bright,
I come with all the hast:
I come a wooing thée for loue,
here am I come at last:
I know you not quoth Cicelie tho,
from whence that yée bée come
My loue you may not haue I trow:
I vow by this faire sonne,
For why my loue is fixt so sure:

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Upon another wight,
I swere by swéet Saint Anne ile neuer
abuse him out of sight,
This night I hope to sée my loue,
in all his pride and glée
If there were thousands none but him,
my heart would toy to sée.
Gods curse vpon him yong William said,
before me that hath sped
A soule till on the carrion Nurse,
that first did binde his head.
Gan William tho for to prepare,
a medicine for that chaffe
His life quoth he full hard may fare,
hées best to kéepe a laffe.
He drew then out his bright brown sword,
which was so bright and kéene
A stouter man and hardier,
nere handled sword I wéene.
Browne tempered, strong, and worthy blade,
vnto thy Maister show,
If now to triall thou bée put
how canst thou bide a blow:
Yong William till an Oake gan hie,
which was in compasse round
Well six and fifty inches nie,
and feld it to the ground,
So mot he fare quoth William tho,
that for her loue hath laid
Which I haue loued, and nere did know,
him sater till that maide.
And now deare father stout and strong,
William of Cloudesley
How happie were thy troubled sonne,
if here I mat thée sée.

And thy two brethren Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough
Against a thousand men and more,
we foure would be enough.
Growne it is full foure a clocke,
and night will come belliue
Come on thou Durden Cisleis loue,
this night must I thée thriue.
Prepare thée strong thou tow black Tauke,
what ere thou be I wéene
Ile giue thy corcomb sauck a gird,
in Wansfield as neuer was séene.
William a yong Faune had slaine,
in Sher-wood merry Forrest
A fairer Faune for mans ymeat
in Sher-wood was neuer drest.
Hee hied then till a Northerne lasse,
not halfe a mile he fro
He said dop doze thou good old nurse,
that in to thée I goe.
I faint with being in the wood,
lo héere I haue a kid
Which I haue slo for thée and I,
come dresse it then I bid:
Fetch bread and other iolly fare,
whereof thou hast some store
A blither gest this hundred yeare,
came neuer here before.
The good old Nant gan hie a pace,
to let yong William in
A happie Nurse quoth William then,
as can be lightly séene.
Wend till that house hard by quoth he,
thats made of lime and stone,
Where is a lasse faire Cisse hee said:

I loue her as my owne,
if thou can fetch her vnto me:
That we may merry be,
I make a vow in the Foreſt:
Of deare thou ſhalt haue fée,
Reſt then faire ſir the woman ſaid
I ſweare by good Saint John,
I will bring to you that ſame maide,
full quickly and anon:
Meane time quoth William ile be cooke,
and ſée the Fawne I dreſt
A ſtouter cooke did neuer come,
within the faire Foreſt:
Thick blith old laſſe had wit enow,
for to declare his minde
So faſt ſhe hi'd and nere did ſtay,
but left William behind:
Where William like a nimble cooke,
is dreſſing of the fare,
And for this Damſell doth he looke,
I would that ſhe were here.
Good ſpéed blithe Ciſſe quoth that old laſſe,
God bleſſ yée quoth Ciſſey againe,
How done you Nant Jone ſhe ſaid,
tell me it I am faine,
The good old Jone ſaid wele ſhe was,
and commen in an arrand till you,
For you muſt to my cottage gone
full quick I tell you true,
Where we ſall merry meane to be,
all with my elder lad.
When Ciſſley heard of it truely,
ſhe was exceéding glad,
Gods curſe light on me quoth Ciſſley tho,
if with you I doe not hie

I neuer ioyed, more forsoth,
then in your company:
Happy the good-wife thought her selfe,
that her purpose be had of sped:
And home with Cilley she doth come
so lightly did they read.
And comming in here William sone,
had made ready his fare,
The good old wife did wonder much
so sone as she came there,
Cilley to William now is come,
God send her mickle glée,
Yet was she in amaze God wot,
when she saw it was hée.
Had I béene ware good sir she said,
of that it had béene you
I would haue staid at home in soth,
I tell you very true.
Faire Cilley then said William kind,
mislóeme thou not of mée,
I sent not for thee to the end
to do thée iniury:
Sit downe that we may talke a while
and eate all of the best,
And fattest kidde that euer was slaine,
In merry Sir-wood Forrest.
His louing words wan Cilley then,
to kéepe with him a while
But in the meane time Cilleis loue,
of her was tho beguile.
A stout and sturdie man he was,
of quality and kind:
And knowne through all the North-country,
to beare a noble minde.
But what quoth William do I care,

if that he meane to weare
First let him winne, els neuer shall,
he haue the maide I sweare:
Full softly is her louer come,
and knocked at the doze
But tho he miſt of Cisleis rome,
whereat he stampt and swoze.
A mischiefe on his heart quoth he
that hath enlured the maide
To be with him in company
he car'd not what he sayd.
He was yso with anger moued
he sware a well great oth
Deere should he pay if I him knew,
by fozsooth and by my troth.
Gone he is to finde her out,
not knowing where she is
Still wandzing in the weary wood,
his true loue he doth misse.
William purchast hath the game,
which he doth meane to hold
Come rescew her and if you can,
and dare to beat bold:
At length when he had wandzed long,
about the Fozrest wide
A candle light a furlong off,
full quickly he espied:
Then to the boule he hied him fast,
where quickly he gan here
The voice of his owne deere true loue,
a making bonny chéere.
Then gan he say to Cisley tho,
O Cisley come a way
I haue béene wandring thée to finde,
since shutting in of day.

Who

Who calls faire Cisse quoth William then,
what carle dares bee so bold
Once to aduenture to her to speake,
whom I haue now in hold.
Lift thee faire sir quoth Cisleis loue,
let quickly her from you part:
For all your lordly words I sweare
ile haue her, or make you smart.
Yong William to his bright browne sword
gan quickly then to take,
Because thou so dost challenge me,
ile make thy kingdome quake.
Betake thée to thy weapon strong,
faire time I giue to thée,
And for my loue, as well as thine
a combat fight will I.
Neuer let some quoth Cisleis loue,
shine more vpon my head
If I doe flie, by heauen aboue,
wert thou a giant bred.
To bilbo blade gat William tho,
and buckler stiffe and strong:
A stout battaile then they fought,
well nie two houres long.
Where many a grieuous wound was giue,
to each on either part:
Till both the Champions then were driue,
almost quite out of heart.
Pitteous mone faire Cisley made,
that all the Forrest rong
The grieuous shrikes made such a noise,
she had so shrill a tongue.
At last came in the kepers thrée,
with bowes and arrowes keene,
Where they let flie among these two,

an hundred as I weene.
William ſtout and ſtrong in heart,
when he had them eſpied
Set on corrage for his part,
among the thickſt he hied:
The chiefe ranger of the woods,
at firſt did William ſmite
Where at on blow he ſmot his head,
fro off his ſhoulders quite:
And being in ſo furious teene,
about him then he laid
He ſlew immedialty the wight,
was ſutor to the maide:
Great moane was ythen made,
the like was neuer heard
Which made the people all a round
to erie they were ſo feard.
Arme, arme the country cried,
For Gods ſone quickly hie:
Neuer was ſuch a ſlaughter ſeene
in all the North-country
Will ſtill though wounded ſore,
continued in his fight
Till he had ſlaine them all foure,
that very winter night.
All the country then was raiſe,
the traytor for to take
That for the loue of Cilley faire,
had all this ſlaughter make:
To the woods hied William tho,
twas beſt of all his play
Where in a Caue with Cilley faire,
he lined many a day.
Proclamation then was ſent,
the country all a round

The Lord of Pansfield should he be,
that first the traytor found:
Till the Court these tydings came,
where all men did bewaile
The yong and lusty William
which so had made them quaile:
Hied vp then William, Cloudesley,
and lustie Adam Bell
And famous Clim of the Clough,
which three then did excell
To the King they hied them fast
full quickly and anon
Mercy I pray quoth old William,
for William my sonne.
No mercy traitors quoth the King,
hang'd shall yée be all foure
Vnder my nose this plot haue you laid
to bring to passe before:
In sooth bespake then Adam Bell,
if ought your grace hath seene,
Of any such comotion
since with you we haue béene:
If then we can no mercy haue,
but lése both life and goods,
Of your good grace we take our leaue,
and hie vs to the woods.
Arme, arme then quoth the King,
my merry men every chone
Full fast againe these rebbells now
vnto the woods are gone:
A woe is vs what shall we doe
or which way shall we worke,
To hunt them forth out of the woods,
so traytrously there that lurke:
Liege you quoth a counseller graue,

a wise man he seem'd,
The craued the King his pardon free,
vnto them to haue beem'd
Gods forbod quoth the King,
I neuer it will do:
For they shall hang each mothers sonne,
feare not I tell you true.
Fifty thousand men were charged,
after them for to take
Some of them set in sundry townes,
in companies did waite
To the woods gan some to goe,
in hope to find them out,
And them perforce they thought to take,
if they might find them out:
To the woods still as they came,
dispatched still they were
Which made full many a trembling heart,
and many a man in feare.
Still the out-lawes Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough
Made iolly chere with venison,
Strong drinke and wine enough.
Christ me blesse then said our King,
such men were neuer knowne,
They are the stoutest hearted men,
that man-hood euer thowne.
Come my Secretary good,
and cause to be declared
A generall pardone to them all,
which neuer shall be dis-cared.
Liuing plenty shall they haue,
of gold and eke of fee,
If they will as they did before,
come liue in court with me.

Sodenly went forth the newes,
declared by trumpets sound:
Whereof these three were well aduis'd
in case as they were in ground,
But tell you sirs quoth William yong:
I dare not trust the King
It is some fetch is in his head,
whereby to bring vs in.
May stay we here or first let me,
A messenger be sent:
Unto the Court where I may know,
his maiesties intent
This pleased Adam Bell,
so may we liue in peace:
Wle are at his most high commaund
and neuer will we cease.
But if that still we shall be vrged,
and called by traitrous name:
And threated hanging for euery thing
his highnesse is to blame:
Neare had his grace more subiects true,
and sturdier then we,
Which are at his highnesse will
God send him well to bee.
So to the Court is yong William gone,
to parley with the King
Which all men to the Kings presence,
did strine him for to bring.
When he before the King was come,
he kneled downe full low
He shewed quickly to the King,
what duty they did owe.
In such delightfull order blith,
the King was quickly wonne
To comfort them in their request,

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as he before had done.
Fetch bread and drinke then saide his grace,
and meat all of the best
And stay all night here at the Court,
and soundly take thy rest.
Gramercies to your grace saide William,
for pardon graunted I see.
For signe thereof here take my seale,
and for more certainty
Gods curse upon me sayd William,
for my part if I meane:
Ever againe to stirre up strife,
it never shall bée séene:
The nobles all to William came,
he was so stout and trimme
And all the Ladies for very joy,
did come to wel-come him.
Faire Cisley now I have to wife,
in field I have her wonne
Bring her here for Gods love said they all,
full welcome shall she be.
Forth againe went William backe,
to wood that he did his
And to his father there he shew'd,
the king his pardone free
Health to his grace quoth Adam Bell,
I beg it on my knée,
The like said Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesley
To the court they all prepare,
even as fast as they can hie.
Where graciously they were receiv'd,
with mirth and merry glée.
Cisley faire is wend alone,
upon a gelding faire.

A proper Damsell never came
in any courtly ayre:
Welcome Tilley said the Quéene,
a Lady I thée make
To wait vpon my owne person,
in all my chiefest state.
So quickly was this matter done,
which was so hardly doubted
That all contentions after that,
from court were quickly rooted:
Fauourable was the King,
so good they did him finde
The never after sought againe,
to bey his royall minde.
Long time they lined in court,
so neare vnto the King
That never after was attempt,
offred for any thing.
God aboue giue all men grace,
in quiet for to line
And not rebellionsly abroad,
their Princes for to grieue:
Let not the hope of pardon moue,
a subiect to attempt
His soueraignes anger or his lone,
from him for to exempt.
But that all men may ready be,
with all their maine and might,
To serue the Lord and lone the King,
in honey day and night.

FINIS.